King and Marvin Gaye. He was with the blacks.

When I told Caspar what he'd said, he nodded confidently. Caspar was always the boy genius, although he was thirty years old and until recently still lived at home. Frederick had worked so much with Adam in the kitchen. Now he was fucked.

But he was *self*-deceived. He was delusional and he was happy.

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The first time I remember seeing Adam he was standing beside his car in front of Emile Durkheim House next door. It must have been payday. He was holding a red carton of cigarettes. I'd get used to his Lucky Strikes. It might have been another time, but I think it was only a few moments later, when he climbed up the front steps and paused on the porch before entering. By then he had one of the cigarettes between his thin lips. He was wearing shorts. His legs were thin. The rest of his clothing consisted of an open shirt with the sleeves rolled up, a T-shirt, and running shoes. It would become as familiar as the cigarettes. He was at least 6'3", with large hands and feet like a stick-man's. He had a sensitive face, a finely shaped head. His light brown hair needed trimming.